

THREEPENCE



EVERY FRIDAY

EAGLE

16 JUNE 1950 No. 10

DAN DARE

PILOT OF THE FUTURE

THIS AIR'S LOADED WITH CARBON DIOXIDE, IIS, BUT IT'S ALRIGHT FOR TEMPERATURE AND PRESSURE, SO WE CAN TAKE THE SPACE SUITS OFF.





The Adventures of P.C. 49

FROM THE FAMOUS RADIO
series by ALAN STRANKS



CONTINUED

PLOT AGAINST THE WORLD

by Chab Varab



It failed him as surely as if he'd been poleaxed

The story so far

A gang who steal and sell stolen goods have captured a minister, Ted Goff, who belongs to no organization but the Vicar. The Vicar, a former Member of the Conservative Party, a fearless fighter pilot, works incognito for Ken and Ken, and his sister Patsy are on the track of the gang, helped by George Rawlings, a clever ex-soldier, Ray Indie, a criminal, hidden by the gang, and a mysterious man, the mastermind. They are trying to expose government malpractices in an attempt to bring down their George Nurse, Adam, is ordered to remove one of them the whereabouts of the Professor's H.Q.

Meanwhile, Ken and his friends find the message which, when delivered by the Vicar, has led to the friendless arrival of Professor Gog, a refugee in charge of secret research, of being one of the gangsters. They remove Goff from M.I.5 and sign up to Gog's command.

On the way back home, the car breaks down, revealing the true identity of the Vicar. Ken and his friends are shocked to learn that the Vicar is the Minister of the Conservatives, after learning that her father is no longer held by the gangsters. But as the last moment, "Gone!" appears with a memory gone.

"It would be 'andy if we could get 'em to lead us to some of 'em mates where 'e suspects as we're on 'is track," suggested Dick, speaking in his usual deliberate way.

"That's the idea," said Geoff, looking at Dick shrewdly, as if he were noticing him for the first time. "Now, here are your orders: You, Dick, will cross undercover about in the neighbourhood, keeping your eyes open, and never getting too far away in case any of us needs to be picked up in a hurry. You'll open discussions after you've just reached 'em, and you'll get plenty." Dick nodded slightly, but he could now see no trace of any other signs of pleasure at that sort of prospect.

"You, Bill, will call on Gog, announcing yourself as 'the Vicar.' He won't think to ask whether it's she or that that you're the Vicar of, and you can keep him talking about anything you like to use as an excuse for your call. A subscription to your Organ Fund, or something."

"We haven't an Organ Fund," objected "Burglar Bill," and I resent the suggestion that if I call on anyone it's most likely to be a begging expedition?"

"Well, think of something better if you can," retorted Geoff. "The main thing is, to keep him talking whilst I scoop around and see if he's got Ted little impressed there. If you can get anything interesting out of Gog, so much the better, but whatever you do, don't answer his questions."

"What about me?" asked Ken glibly, thinking he was going to be left out. "Can't I come with you, Mr. Goff?"

"I'd usually frequent you, sonny," said the Secret Service man, putting out of the car, "but, you go with the Vicar. He can truthfully introduce you as 'one of my boys'—you're in his Club, aren't you?—and Gog will probably assume you're his son."

"Heaven forbid!" exclaimed the Vicar. Dick clacked and drove off. When Ken turned back from waving to him, Geoff had vanished and the Vicar was already striding along the drive. Ken ran and caught him up.

The Vicar pressed his thumbs firmly on the door-bell. A shifty-eyed man servant opened the door a few inches and looked at them suspiciously through the crack.

"What do you want?" he asked.

The Vicar said, "Bill said you had the door further open."

he snort, smirkingly, to his glasses, and a pronounced expression.

"My dear fellow!" boomed the Vicar grandly, advancing with outstretched hand. He had a grip like a bear, and the Professor winced. "How delightful to see you again! It has been a long time, hasn't it?"

"No flea on Burglar Bill!" thought Ken. "Gog can't be sure they haven't met before, and he'll have a job to find out without appearing rude!"

"Yes—yes, indeed!" intonated the Professor uncertainly. He looked wildly round, noticed Ken, and addressed him with relief. "Ha, ha, boy! I haven't met you before, have I? What's your name?"

"Ken," said Ken.

If the Professor, assuming they were father and son, had hoped for a mention of the name sake of his nowise visitor, he was disappointed.

"Well, Mr.—or—or—well, Vicar, what can I do for you?"

The Vicar obtained somewhat grudging permission to sit down and light his pipe, and launched into a long and involved account of the difficulties of running young people's clubs, the shakiness of parish Church finance, and many kindred matters. He approached the subject of a "small subscription"—from several different angles, but shied off every time his visitors reacted for his cheap-beach and used to pin him down to a definite amount or to discuss to whom or what the cheque should be made payable. Ken could almost feel sorry for the Professor, who was hopping about from one leg to the other as he tried to get rid of his callers, and trying to wait for a job to come in. "Burglar Bill" was partaking of a rarefied performance, perhaps, but also of the tedium and boggling away-to-self. When Ken slipped to the door, muttering something about going to the lavatory, the Professor was too distraught to notice, though the Vicar looked up with a winning frown.

Once outside the door, Ken listened intently for any sign of the footman's presence, and then dodged up the stairs. The lavatory door was open, so he sat it in one he should have to pretend that he couldn't find the place. He passed swiftly along the corridor, trying doors cautiously until he came to one that was locked. He tapped gently on the one, saying with breathless politeness, "Are you going to be in [here much longer]?" as this if anyone but Ted were there he could catch on the smell. However, there was no reply, and when he applied his ear to the keyhole he caught a glimpse of what appeared to be electrical apparatus.

He was just about to open a glass basin when he heard footsteps from the other side of it, and had to step up to the nearest unlocked room. He closed the door behind him a fraction of a second before the other door slammed gently on its spring, and waited, scarcely breathing, for the footmen to pass. They did pass, for a few paces—then they returned, and he pressed himself against the wall as the door opened.

"Come on out of it!" growled a voice which he recognized as that of the uncouth minister.

Ken was too petrified to move. His stomach seemed to turn over and he clenched his fists.

The voice spoke again, especially this time. "Come on, now! I won't hurt you!"

"This was something more frightening to Ken in this context than in the previous angry hour. He found himself thinking "Well, you walk into my parlour!" said the spider to the fly." Then the voice continued, more insistently, "Chi-chi-chi-chi-chi!" and it was all Ken could do to stop himself lifting his head with relief. There was a plaintive "meow-meow"—and a tiny thump as the cat jumped off the head, and Ken caught a glimpse of the back of the footman's head as he bent to pick up a large ramrod-like cat by the scruff of its neck. Then the door was closed and the footsteps receded.

He gave a little hysterical giggle, then

Chapter 10

"Will you come into my Parlour?"

D E SIRABLE modern residence my foot!" snorted Geoff, as he scrunched the gloomy, rambling mansion at "It looks ready to fall down any moment!"

"What do we do now?" broke in Ken impatiently. "Do we rash the place, or sneak up on it? And have you a gun, in case Gog tries to shoot us?"

Goff laughed.

"I don't know where you get your ideas of Secret Service work, inside," he said. "We're not going to arrest Gog, or engage in gunplay, if we can help it. I wouldn't have brought a kid like you if I were?"

"Now going to arrest him? A traitor?"

"So Goff's message alleged, if I decoded it correctly," said the Vicar. "But we've no proof of it, yet."

"And if we rush in without thinking," contributed Geoff, "we shall probably not get the proof we want."

The Vicar pressed his thumbs firmly on the door-bell. A shifty-eyed man servant opened the door a few inches and looked at them suspiciously through the crack.

"What do you want?" he asked.

The Vicar said, "Bill said you had the door further open."

"Dowt peer at me as if I were a knapp, my mawt!" he boomed. "And do you smirly address callers in that uncivil way?"

The Vicar looked as if he would have liked to say something rude if the chaperone had looked less like a prison-lighter.

"Kindly tell Professor Gog the Vicar is calling upon him."

"He's not in," said the man; then, as "Burglar Bill's" jaw slack out pragmatically, he added reflectively, "in."

"Nonsense! I know he's in, so you're either lying or mistakes. I'll give you the benefit of the doubt, and assure the lassie."

"Well, I'll go and see, but if he is, he'll be too busy to see you," said the Vicar, "and the vicar's number one idea was in the way, so he retreated, glancing back warily over his shoulder.

"How I do it!" said the Vicar out of the corner of his mouth.

"Fine, sir!" enthused Ken. "I think we'll get an."

"The 'go-ahead' released.

"The professor is very busy, sir, but he says he will spare you one minute if you wait a moment," he said. He tried as much as possible to act like the Vicar, the Vicar striding purposefully in with Ken at his heels.

"We'll wait in the drawing-room," he announced breathily. "You've kept us on the doorstep too long as it is."

The man looked as if he were about to argue, then slumped his shoulders and led the way to a room that was beautifully furnished but didn't look as if it was used much.

"You don't wait," suggested the Vicar.

The servant looked dagger-like, but wait. The Vicar pressed his hand at Ken, and the boy stood by the door with his car close to it whilst his companion tried the drawers of the desk. They were all locked, but the Vicar plucked off the top sheet of the blotter and crumpled it into his pocket.

"Smell!" barked Ken, waving away from the door. When the Professor entered, they were both apparently absorbed in an oil painting so dark that on one could tell if it was a family portrait or two cows.

The Professor was obliging enough to look exactly like Ken's idea of a Professor: he had grey matted hair hanging in a shaggy head-pat, a walrus moustache, yesterday's egg on

checked himself. He found himself shriveling, and sat on the bed to recover, but knowing that the Vicar might not be able to keep Gog talking much longer, he soon made for the green glass door and slipped up the stairs which it concealed.

There was no doubt which of the allies was the scientist's prisoner. One of the devils was manifested, and had a grin on it so that food could be passed through without the poison entering. Kew pulled back the bolt securing the grille, and opened the panel.

The man sitting on the pallet-bed in the cell didn't trouble to look up, until Kew was gone, and had a grin on it so that food could be passed through without the poison entering. Kew pulled back the bolt securing the grille, and opened the panel.

"Who are you?" he demanded.

"My name's Kew. My pal Jim found you in that cellar, but when Dick and my sister and I went for you, you'd gone."

"You, they came back for me within about ten minutes of Jim going for help. They said they didn't catch him. How did you get here? Are you alone?"

"No — I came with Dick and the Vicar and his friend Geoff from M.I.5. Dick's still in the car, the Vicar's keeping Gog talking, and Mr. Geoff's looking for you."

The prisoner looked suddenly wary.

"Come on, get out without Geoff's help? Where is he?"

"I don't know," answered Kew to both questions. "Will that footman be causing trouble?"

"I expect so — my master says it's time for lunch. Can you pick a lock?"

"I shouldn't think so — I never have, except on my suitcase when I lost the key."

"Well, try with that," said Dr. Ellicott, handing a piece of metal through the grille.

"Can't you do it from your side?" asked Kew dubiously.

"No, keyhole, and I've nothing to cut through but Harry, man!"

Under the watchful eye of the unperceived master, Kew twisted the best metal in the lock, but although it would turn in several positions, it would not lift all the wards at once.

"Give me it back a minute!"

Gog hollered with the implement for

one more twist of Kew's iron of vision. Kew tried the other two doors on this landing, but they were locked. There was nowhere for the prisoner to remain.

The prisoner passed the pack-lock back. Kew sat still wringing frantically with it when he heard the rattle of coaches approaching the house door.

Tense suddenly appearance of the man with the Tommy gun was like a cold douche to Ray, Anna, Sam and Pro, in their moment of realization. Apart from whirling to face him, they moved in front of everybody, like statues. It was Pro who broke the spell.

"What's Mr. Cook?" she exclaimed, "whatever are you doing here?"

Ray stepped back though dazedly.

"Of course!" he said. "Albert Cook! I knew I saw you before, but I couldn't place you. However did you get into that galley?"

The man's beady little eyes glistened with malice.

"So you recognize me now, do you? All the more reason to see you never get out of here alive! Now stick 'em up and run round!"

"Take no notice of him!" commanded Anna, scowling. Jim gulped lowered his hands again, and glared at Pro to see if she'd noticed his action. "Like all bitches, he's a coward!" Go on, shoot, if you dare — that thick neck of yours would just sit a hungarian's helmet!"

"Don't you realize you're in trouble?" snarled the man. "Do you say I'm sold, and don't try any tricks, or I might do something you'd be sorry for?"

"You might panic and do something you'd be sorry for," admitted Anna.

So saying, she began to walk deliberately towards him, her eyes on him. Ray needed no clearer hint to approach him too.

"No, keyhole, and I've nothing to cut through but Harry, man!"

The prisoner, however, had not noticed our hostess. Cook had been away and he bounded into the porch. Then, with his back against the wall, he closed his eyes and was about to blare away wildly when something crashed on his head and knocked the weapon from his



The first burst wrecked the front tyres

grasp. Jim had pushed the ladder over and it had landed hard on him as if it'd been poleaxed.

Ray lifted the ladder with his one good hand, and Anna dashed up with the Tommy-gun which had been dropped round it.

"Let's get out of here!" suggested Jim seriously.

They all made their way as quickly as possible to the place where Pro had crashed the wall. There was no sign of pursuit.

Inconsequently, there seemed to be no traffic at all just when they wanted to thresh a bit. They walked on, one of them looking back frequently for signs of a hot and angry. They had walked about a quarter of a mile when Jim yelled: "Car just driven out of Egerton's garage." They dashed for a fire-break road into a field, which was clearing the way. Pro, who had been grinning at Ray a legacy, suddenly crashed back into the middle of the road, yelling and waving. As the others saw the mass they clambered back, too. A taxi was approaching at its top speed of about forty miles an hour.

It pulled up alongside them, and they all piled in on top of Dr. Brinn. Jim darting round in the other door to save time. "Tarn, driver — that car's after us, and they're armed!" yelled Ray.

"Blimey!" mouthed the cabby, fumbling apologetically with his gears. "If I ever git at the 'ole —"

He had the cab sprawled right across the road as the other car approached at speed. The passengers pulled up with a streak of broken, but by the time they had leapt out, the cab was off, and they had to get in again. The cabby, however, had been extremely relieved by the fluster in which Dr. Brinn and, very possibly for him, "Excuse me, young lady," and took the taxonomy gear from Anna, who seemed to have forgotten she still had it, and leaned out of the window. There was a noisy shattering sound, and Jim yelled: "Got 'em!"

The Doctor's first burst had wrecked both the front tyres of the passenger car, which was now bumping along almost out of control. As it stopped, a man sprang out and fired at the retreating taxi, but the only tyke he hit was the spare one, and the cab was soon out of range.

"Don't you even try to let my cab drivers, any of you," shouted the maddened driver, shooting dangerously as he turned to glare at his passengers. "I shall want double damages, and, shall I tell you what? You shall find out what a knotted leather belt is!"

The Doctor ignored him. He was sitting back between Jim and Pro, with a beatific smile on his face.

"I'm a man of peace," he remarked dreamily. "An respectable citizen pursuing an honourable calling. I've been deprived of my nose, I've had my tail snipped under my very nose by a young buster who wants a good spanking, and I've been left on the wings of all the windmills of the kingdom because of so, and I don't care what it's all been worth it."

"I'm glad to hear you say that, Doctor," said Ray grudgingly, "because d'you think we're going to make good on, I'll send back my D.F.C. . . ."

To be continued next week.

ADVERTISERS' ANNOUNCEMENTS

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PROFESSOR BRITAIN EXPLAINS: X-RAY

BED HAS MAILED HIS KNEE, AND ARRIVED
AS TO YOUR REQUIREMENTS BY THE LONDON

X-RAY DEPT.



YOU'VE TOLD US
ABOUT THE USE OF
X-RAYS AND THE
SPECTRUM. NOW
COMES THE ULTRA-
VIOLET. AND HERE
ARE THE SHINER'S
IN A RECENT VISIT CONCERNING
THE X-RAYS. PAUL
WAVE LEADS ON THE
SPECTRUM COMPARED
WITH A COMMON
NUMBER OF VIBRATIONS
PER SECOND. SO
ENTER THE X-RAY.
THIS IS THE
ELECTRIC
FIELD WHICH
SHOULD
BE PLACED
IN FRONT
OF THE
TUBE. NO
MORE THAN
10,000 VOLTS.



IT WOULD BE USEFUL IF YOU
COULD DRAW A PICTURE OF
THE X-RAY TUBE. WE
DON'T WANT ALL BUT
THE ESSENTIALS. SAY
SOMETHING ABOUT THE
CATHODE, ANODE,
AND THE CHAMBER
BETWEEN THEM.
THE CATHODE WAS
CALLED ANODE RAYS. A
HOT METAL SPHERE
WAS PLACED IN THE
CHAMBER. ONE END
WAS CONNECTED TO
A BLACK PLATE AND THE
OTHER TO A METAL
TABLE. THIS DISTANCE
APART, A HOLLOW CRYSTAL
BULB WAS BURNED IN
WHICH COULD BE PROVED
TO CONTAIN RADIUM.
THIS RADIUM WAS
NOT BE
PROVED TO
PRODUCE X-RAYS.



WHAT MAY WE BE WAITING FOR IN X-RAY TO BE DEVELOPED?

THE ELECTRON IS THE MANAGER NAME
SUCH AS IN THE UNIVERSE. THIS WILL
SHOW YOU HOW CLEAR IT IS.



HERE'S THE COMPLETE APPARATUS. THE
BIG TRANSFORMER (A) CAN DISCHARGE A
VERY HIGH VOLTAGE. THE ELECTRICITY
PASSES THROUGH THE TOP OF THE
CABINET VIA HEAVILY INSULATED CABLE
TO THE CATHODE (B). THE RAYS PASS
THROUGH BOB'S KNEE INTO A SICK
(C) CONTAINING THE PHOTOGRAVURE
PLATE. THE PLATES ARE FILLED WITH
AN IRON-CONTAINING POWDER MADE
OF OXIDES CONTAINING LEAD WHICH
PROTECT THEM FROM THE RAYS.

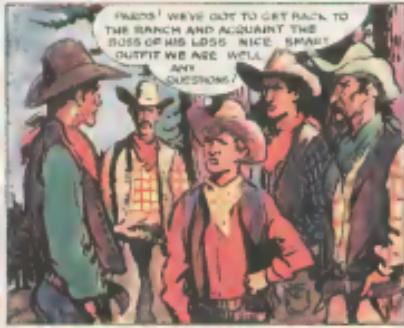
FOR AN X-RAY
OF A MORE SOLID
PART—SUCH AS THE
Chest OR THE
Knee—PLATE GONE
LAIEST THE TABLE.



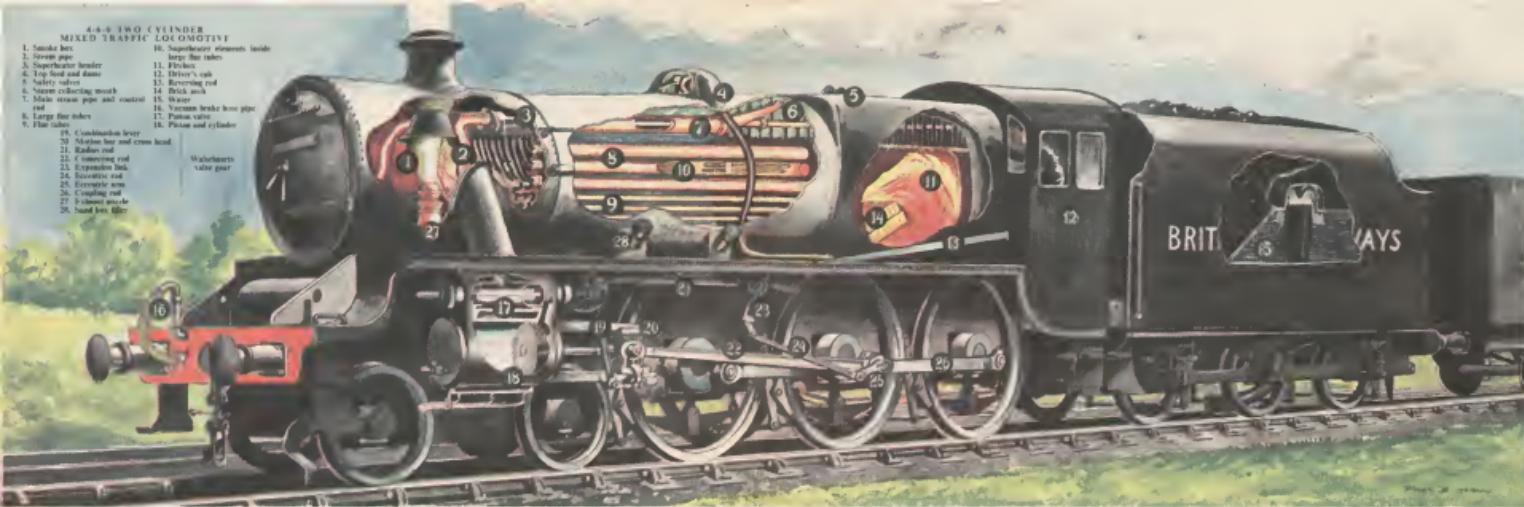
Any Questions?

Write to Professor Britain, C/O EAGLE, if you have any questions or problems you would like him to deal with. He will be on this page from time to time.

SETH AND SHORTY - COWBOYS



CONTINUED...



SKIPPY THE KANGAROO

BY DANET, DUBRISAY, GEMESTRE

AN ANDRÉ SARRUT
PRODUCTION



HEROES OF THE CLOUDS

The BRISTOL BRAHAZON, the largest Airliner in the World.

FOR THE PAST THREE WEEKS I've been telling you about the record of the first men to fly now for those of you who are more interested in how you are going to travel in the future, here's a bit of news from the world of flying. GEN. ANGUS WILSON, FOUNDER AND CHIEF EXECUTIVE OF THE BRAHAZON, THE LARGEST IN THE WORLD, MY NAME IS ANGUS WILSON AND I AM A PILOT FOR A NEW AIRLINE AIRCRAFT COMPANY.

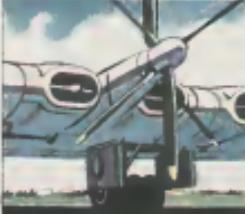


THE PRELIMINARY DESIGN OF THE BRAHAZON HAS BEEN MADE AND SHE MADE HER FIRST FLIGHT LAST SUMMER. THE PLANE IS DESIGNED FOR 100 PASSENGERS AND THE BRAHAZON AIRCRAFT WILL BE EMPLOYED ON THE NEW ATLANTIC CROSSINGS TO AMERICA. WHEN ABOUT 100 PASSENGERS WILL BE CARRIED IN LUXURIOUS COMPARTMENTS. HERE IS A VIEW OF THE BRAHAZON FLYING OVER NEW YORK FROM THE SIDE WITH S.O.A.C.

SOME IDEA OF THE SIZE OF THE BRAHAZON CAN BE GAINED BY THIS PICTURE OF A VAMPIRE NIGHT FIGHTER FLYING ALONGSIDE THE TALL AIRLINER. THE WINGSPAN OF THE BRAHAZON IS 330 FEET TO THE TIP OF THE TAILFINES 40 FEET AND SHE MIGHT MOVE THIRTY-THREE TIMES AS FAST AS THE TWIN-SPAN.



REGULAR TO ACCOMPANY THE BRAHAZON, A STEAM-PASSANGER HAS TO BE BUILT AT FIFTON DUNN AND CO. AND IT'S SO LONG THAT A VILLAGE HAS BEEN DEMOLISHED TO GIVE THE AIRCRAFT SUFFICIENT ROOM FOR TAKE-OFF. NOTE THE COUNTLESS REPAIRING AIRCRAFTS.



HERE IS A VIEW OF THE TURBO MECHANICALS OF THE BRAHAZON. THERE ARE FOUR POWER UNITS, EACH COMPOSED OF 2 BUBBLE-COMPARTMENTED AIR-COOLED RADIAL ENGINES, SEALED TO A COMMON AIRSCREW. SHINY TOTAL HORSE-POWER DEVELOPED IS 20,000.

LATER VERSIONS OF THE BRAHAZON WILL BE FITTED WITH MAINTENANCE-PROOF ENGINES. THE CRUISE SPEED OF THE AIRCRAFT IS 250 MPH OVER A RANGE OF 5,000 MILES. AT PRESENT FIGHT SYSTEM IS STILL IN PROGRESS SO IT WILL BE SOME TIME BEFORE WE SEE BRAZON CROSSES THE END.



DISCOVERING THE COUNTRYSIDE

by John Lyke

WASPS



THE WOOD IS CHewed INTO BALLS OF PULP AND FROM THESE SHE MAKES THE CELLS WHICH FORM HER NEST. THE FIRST CELLS ARE fastened TO THE BODY OF THE CONTAINMENT TO WHICH THE ADOR MORE LAYERS HANGING downwards. IN THESE CELLS THE FIRST EGGS ARE LAID AND WHEN THE GRANULE HATCH, SHE FEEDS THEM WITH INSECTS AND CATERPILLARS.



I'VE SEEN QUITE A FEW WASPS FLYING IN AND OUT OF THAT HOLE IN THE BANK WHILE WE'VE BEEN RESTING HERE.

YES THERE'LL BE A LOT INSIDE. THOSE WASPS WILL BE TAKING GOOD CARE OF THE GRUBS.

THE MUSE IS STARTED BY A FEMALE OR QUEEN WASP WHO HAS HIBERNATED THROUGH THE WINTER. AFTER CHOOSING A SUITABLE HOLE SHE BUILDS A SMALL NEST IN A COMMUNICANT HOLLOW SHE HAS CHOSEN. SHE THEN FLIES TO WORM OLD TREES OR PENCE AND GRABBES AWAY STRIPS OF WOOD WITH HER STRONG JAWS —



WHEN THE FIRST YOUNG WASPS COME FROM THE CELLS THEY HELP THE QUEEN BY ENLARGING THE NEST, BUILDING ADDITIONAL CELLS AND ADDITIONAL ROCK TO THE NEW DOME. FOR THE QUEEN, HOWEVER, IT'S HOME AND SHE HAS TIME TO LAYING MORE EGGS IN THE NEW CELLS.



THERE IS ANOTHER TYPE OF Wasp, THE WOOD Wasp. IT HANGS ITS NEST FROM BRANCHES OF BUSHES OR TREES. THE CELLS ARE BUILT IN EXACTLY THE SAME MANNER, WITH AN OUTER COAT OF WOODEN SPONGE MATERIAL. THE WOOD Wasp IS SLIGHTLY SMALLER THAN THE COMMON Wasp.



EAGLE CLUB

AND EDITOR'S PAGE

16 June 1950

The Editor's Office
EAGLE
43 Sloane Lane, London, S.C.4

WHAT is Philomanius? It is, according to David E. Tidball of Plymouth, the collector of match-box covers. That's something we learned from the "What do you like best?" Competition in TABLE No. 3. (Incidentally there are quite a large number of "Philomanius" in the EAGLE Club.)

We were very nearly swayed under, but not quite, by all the lists of hobbies you sent along, and very interesting lists they were too. Selecting the one we liked best was a tremendous job! so much so, that we have decided to award three prizes instead of one.



Fonda Austin of 2 Chancery Road, Brighton sent in the list for which we are awarding the first of the prizes. Her interests, apart from what we might call the usual hobbies, like those we listed on the coupon, include "Dressing up", "Down the Household", "Making Snow-men", "Reading the Bible", "Sitting in the Dark", "Going on Bus Rides", "Shorthand and Typing", "Nursing", "Drumming", "Watching Weddings", "Baby Hinding", "Making Names" and silly-four more. It seemed to us a most varied and interesting list, showing a good deal of

Two others we have picked out for praise are Frank L. Yeates, 154 Fulchfield Road, Bournemouth, whose list had many points. (We are learning a number of new words in this competition; I imagine that "pseudorium" means "area of fish?") And John Bowen, 21 Bancroft Road, Newbury-on-Teme, who includes archery and poppy頭 among his interests.

Also we thought we ought to send five bob to David Tidball for teaching us what philomaniacs are.

There are a great many other lots almost equally good and we have certainly been astonished by the wide variety of hobbies and interests shown by EAGLE readers. We are going carefully through the lists to see to get a clear idea of what you are doing now. It will be a very great help in planning further activities of the Club. It is clear that we shall have to organise a good number of hobby groups in which all Eagles with similar interests can join. So far, you remember, we have made a start with forming the Model Car Club.

This week, we announce our second MUG OF THE MONTH. You'll agree, we feel sure, that it is a thoroughly deserved award.

Here are the names of some others who have been elected MUGS. We shall announce others from time to time in later issues at space allows.

There is, for example, 16-year-old John Wilkins from Lincoln who has saved two people from drowning at a time. He is patrol leader of the 22nd Troop of Lincoln Scouts and has been awarded the gold cross and bar. There is a Victoria Cross of 100 Gallantry Road, Bromley's, Bromley, Kent. One day saw two boys driving a dog off a cliff into the sea. He tackled the boys and got badly hurt. But he kept on and then, although there were glass and stones in the water, he jumped in and saved the dog from being washed out to sea.

There is Elizabeth McMillanous who came across a little girl of three playing on the footpath. The little girl dashed onto the road after her ball - in the path of an oncoming car. Elizabeth ran out and grabbed the little girl and got her back to the pavement just in time.

There is Roy Davies of 18 Spark Street, Birmingham 4, who has given up many weeks of his time to look after an elderly couple who have been ill and had no one to care for them.

We have only room for these four examples this week. They all seem to us to have done something special which deserves the award of the Mug Badge. There are many others to tell you about later.

Yours sincerely,
THE EDITOR.

MUG OF THE MONTH

ANTHONY PEEL

Eleven-year-old Anthony Peel of Leigh Avenue, Marple, Cheshire, returned to his home late one night soaked to the skin and covered with mud. He was spotted and sent to bed for "falling into a pond."

The true story we have known until a little later when Mrs. Doreen called at the Peel's, and disclosed that Anthony was a hero. He had heard her boy Barrie from the 6 ft. deep Peak Forest Canal. He had heard him and run to the canal bank, dived in and brought Barrie to the side.



COMPETITION CORNER

There are prizes for all competitors again this week. You can send all your entries in one envelope, but please put your name and address and club number on each. Address to Competition, EAGLE, 4 New Street Square, London, E.C.4

1. SEQUELS From the thousands of mugs received in the EAGLE competition some weeks ago it is obvious that a great many of you are very keen on drawing. So here is something rather more difficult. Our artist has done one picture and has left the empty square for you to use your imagination and draw the succeeding part, the sequel. If you don't want to cut the page trace the blank square on to a piece of paper. National Savings Certificates of £1 will be given for the three most original "Sequels" received not later than June 21st.



2. POPULARITY COMPETITION, No. 2 Write on a postcard, in order numbered 1 to 6, your choice of the six books you have read which you enjoyed most. Prints of £1 National Savings Certificate will be awarded to those who give correctly the books in the order of popularity agreed by the judges.

3. THE NOISES THEY MAKE. We ask that parents talk and monkeys chattering don't you know the noises made by (a) donkey, (b) horse, (c) lapdog, (d) magpie, (e) bear, (f) hyena, (g) deer, (h) cricket, (i) grasshopper? A prize of a £10 National Savings Certificate will go to the reader of the first correct solution opened on June 21st.

CAPTAIN PUGWASH



Lash Lonergan's Quest

By MOORE RAYMOND

The story so far

Lash Lonergan, America's champion roughrider and stockship expert, on his way home to his Uncle's range at Coosabah Creek, found that his mule had been found dead in the bush with a spear of iron at his breast. The spear had passed through his heart. The spear had been taken from the bush by a bushranger called The Hunchback. Lash followed the Hunchback but he refused to fight with him, who wages less. In spite of his loss, Lash was determined to ride his horse across the country to Ophatown. The spear had been driven into his horse's shoulder. The horse is Charlie, and she left Lash lame. Charlie had to be ridden to safety, so Lash rode her. Instead of \$1000 Lash accepted Charlie to settle the score. The Hunchback made a letter to Lash and his wife, and the two of them were to go to the Ophatown post office to buy a ticket for the mail coach to Ophatown on Sunday. After the spear the Hunchback rode a wounded cushion of Jewish writhing. However that Dago was given a purse of \$1000 to buy a gun and a horse, but he was killed by Dago who'd driven Yabbeyabbie to kill Lash at the bush or down. Suddenly Mopoke appears.



Lash freer in his tracks, staring ahead

Chapter 10

MOPOKE suddenly stepped out from behind the tree. He carried a boomerang and spear. Carrying some native song, he again barked his boomerang.

Then Mopoke silently stood a spear. It was meant to reach Yabbeyabbie at the same moment as the boomerang or the longer spear.

The trick caught Yabbeyabbie off his guard. He was just about to strike at the boomerang when he glanced the flashing spear. He buried himself to the ground just in time.

So accurate was Mopoke's judgment that the two weapons reached the spot simultaneously. Unluckily, the boomerang hit one end of the whirling spear, and both went flying into a dense and thorny waist-high bush. Luckily, they were well out of reach of Yabbeyabbie, now on his feet again.

"Hark! Jack, Mopoke!" called Lash, straining at the rope around his feet in new hope of rescue. He had given his enormous strength, and he thought he could detect a loosening of the bonds.

With a cry Yabbeyabbie leapt at Mopoke, whom he now believed to be unarmed.

But all the time Mopoke had concealed in his left hand a small but deadly weapon. It was a smooth, egg-shaped pebble which fit into his right hand. He flung it with all his might at the overhanging Yabbeyabbie.

The stone struck the black in the middle of the forehead. He grunted, spun round, flung wide his weapons, and fell flat on his back unconscious.

Lash was soon free. He stretched his cramped arms and looked merrily at his freed wrists.

"Mopoke?" he exclaimed, reaching out a hand. "Put it there, cobber!"

Shyly yet firmly, the aborigine clasped Lash's bound hands in his huge black paws. Then Lash instructed him to remount the horse that stood beside Monarch.

His first thought had been to take Yabbeyabbie prisoner, march him along to the police, and turn him over as a self-confessed murderer!

But he quickly decided that Yabbeyabbie could wait. The black murderer was only an ignorant hooligan. There were bigger fish to catch.

"To Ophatown," said Lash, urging Monarch into an amble.

"No, no, hon!" cried Mopoke. "Go longa father hills, Kosta."

"Your father?" Lash was puzzled.

Then Mopoke told the story the young man was aching to hear — the story of how his late master used to drive him to carry his load over the hills every day. Mopoke's father, Kosta, had sent his son to ask Lash to come up onto the hills, where he would learn some very important news.

Kosta himself did not come down from his

lodging-place, because he was being pursued by Yabbeyabbie. Kosta had been one of the blacks who had discovered Uncle Peter's body that tragic day. He had seen Yabbeyabbie running away from the scene of the crime. He knew too much for Yabbeyabbie, who was out to silence him.

But that was not all the news. Kosta had something extremely important to show Lash. It was something to do with opal.

"Could he have made an opal strike?" Lash asked him.

Mopoke was on to say how he went off to Ophatown in search of Lash.

When he learned from Bushrakee O'Riley that Lash had ridden off in pursuit of Dago Master, the aborigine made for Coosabah Creek Station.

"You runnen all night?" suggested Lash admiringly.

Mopoke chuckled and went on to tell how he had arrived at the homestead before dawn. Then, when daylight came, he saw Lash being put in charge of Yabbeyabbie and being taken off to the bush.

Speaking in blackfellow English, Lash said: "I'll do what your father asks, Mopoke. His state must be very important and urgent news. But first I'm going to Ophatown."

"I've got an idea," he thought, and some time later he reached Ophatown. Ophatown this morning — something to do with last night's robbery ... something that might lead on to his mere back-papers."

They went castoring off through the scrub to the deserted township.

About half-a-mile from the deserted township, Lash and Mopoke rounded their horses to a walk. This was the roughrider's first presentation.

They had not gone far when Monarch

wheezed. Both horses pricked their ears.

"There's a horse ahead," Lash said himself. "Maybe more than one. Did a horse Whitney in Ophatown and give warning of our approach?"

The roughrider and his companion dismounted and led up their horses. They approached Ophatown quietly and on foot.

"Not long here a bit," he said to Mopoke. Stepping back into the last patch of scrub on the outskirts of Ophatown, they gained down the dusty road that ran through the scrubland settlement.

It was deserted. Not even a smoke or gossamer or fly had run across the sun-scorched road.

Yet Lash sensed there was someone about. "Mine ikka letta longa here," he murmured to Mopoke.

Lash made for the scrubland building that was once the township's bank. It was here he had first discovered the strengthen chain that connected The Hunchback with Ophatown.

On nearing the place, he signalled Mopoke to move off and try to approach the bank from the front. The black silently disappeared.

Crack! It was the unmistakable sound of a bullet being fired, snapped by someone's weight on the brittle wood. Lash froze in his tracks, staring ahead.

"There's somebody behind there," he told himself as he crooked low and began to inch his way forward. He was acutely aware that he might at any moment be confronted with the menace known as The Hunchback.

He crept silently forward till he had almost reached the vine-covered fence. He held his breath and listened.

Lash edged further forward and, resting a hand on one of the palings, started to draw out the curtain of leaves.

The paling was rotten, and it gave way. The roughrider fell forward on to the fence, and the whole thing collapsed.

A shrill cry rang out. Lash heard a yell of surprise. Before he could clangstang himself the muzzle of a rifle was shoved within an inch of his nose. "Stock 'em up!" cried a shrill voice. "Or I'll drill you!"

Lash leapt into laughter. The holder of the gun looked momentarily astonished. Then he gave a joyful cry of recognition.

"Lash!"

"Squid!"

"Rawhile and I came up lookin' for you," said Squid breathlessly. "He's havin' a squint on that side of the road and I'm lookin' on this. And I'm the one that's found you!"

Mopoke appeared as if by magic. He had heard the pair's laughter, and come to investigate.

Rawhile heard it, too. He hurried to find Lash, Squid, and Mopoke squatting on the uprooted fence.

Mopoke placed an Lash's sleeve and

pleaded: "You come quick longa Kosta falls, eh?"

"To right, Mopoke. We won't stay any more time here. We've already made enough noise to scare anybody away. So get your horses, mates."

Soon the four companions were riding north towards the hills again. Now it was Mopoke who led the group. He picked his way among the scrub bushes, wending in and out of the gullies, inwashers, and in-trees.

Suddenly they came to a clearing bordered by wattle trees green with blossoms.

Mopoke's father, Kosta, awaited them. The greyish tufts of hair on either side of his head gave the blackfellow an appearance like the bear after which he was named. Kosta, who once knew Kosta since childhood, jumped down and shook the old man's hand.

He readily repeated what Mopoke had told the roughrider — how he had seen Yabbeyabbie running from the scene of Uncle Peter's murder, and how a great piece of opal was clutched in the bony hand of the man who was carried by the blacks to the homestead of Coosabah Creek station.

"Orral!" exclaimed the old aborigine, passing further into the hills. "Plenty opal lodes here."

"What's he mean?" asked Rawhile. "Bitter hungry? That means bed's house."

"By waste time talking about it?" asked Lash as he remounted. "Let's go and see." They followed the winding, irregular course of a river of his size. Kosta pointed out to behind the hills, who once made ride about into the hills.

The slope grew steeper and steeper. The gullies became ravines. Then, suddenly, they rode out of the scrub and saw Castle Peak.

Ages ago, when the crust of earth in these regions was undergoing the convulsions of settling down to rest, a deep-down volcanic fissure thrust up a finger of rock. Roughly cylindrical in shape, it looked something like the stony end of a bright candle to the explorer who saw it with the glow of sunrise at its peak.

"Bung longa them, oh, Kosta!" laughed Rawhile, pointing to the peak with his outstretched arm.

Kosta did not approve of the joke. Like the rest of the blacks, he believed the traditional stories about the mountain peak being haunted by a spirit. The boy was a Rawhile, however, a member of the bush.

Kosta instructed Mopoke to use their horse to a halt. Pointing down to the bottom of the ravine, he said: "Finden Minna Longon longa there."

"Then it must be somewhere around here. He found that bonar he opal," suggested the Irishman.

"Mine Minera come longa here with plenty opal," said Mopoke. "All full lookers, lookers, lookers. No finden opal."

Kosta slid off the horse and turned to the others with a grin that crinkled pride and content. "This fella finden budgerup opal," he told them.

So they all stopped and followed him across the tiny slope to a clump of mulga trees at the foot of Castle Peak.

"Bung-bung-bung!" whistled the old black, quickly leading the way through the trees. Soon he stopped and pointed, muttering "Opal longa bird hungry."

"It's a bower bird's nest!" exclaimed Squid.

"Not a nest," corrected Lash in a soft murmur. "A bower bird's playground. They nest in trees."

As they moved closer to the bower fashioned out of tall, dry grass intertwined at the top by the bird's weaving bough, Squid remembered what he had learned from the book ... how the bird collected pebbles, bits of glass, bright things of every description, and made little traps to decorate his bower.

"Strike me haystacks!" exclaimed Rawhile, shouting. "Look at the opal!"



The peak rose a sheer 500 feet above the hills

(To be continued)

ROB CONWAY IN SEARCH OF A SECRET CITY



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THE GREAT ADVENTURER

THAT'S SAUL'S PARTY
ALRIGHT — I SAW THEM
LEAVE JERUSALEM

WHICH ONE
IS SAUL?

DAMASCUS
1900 YEARS AGO...
AT THE SHOP OF JUDAS BEN JOSEPH

THAT'S JUST IT!
HE ISN'T WITH THEM

WELL, WHERE
IS HE, THEN?

I WONDER...
THEY'RE LEADING
HIS HORSE

QUICK, JUDAS, LOOK
DOWN THERE

WHERE?
WHAT?



IT'S SAUL OF TARSUS
AND HE'S COMING
HERE!

BUT, BARNABAS
IT CAN'T BE

THAT MAN'S
BLIND!



BLIND OR NOT —
THAT'S SAUL OF
TARSUS — I'D KNOW
HIM ANYWHERE

CAN YOU TELL US
WHERE WE CAN FIND
LODGING FOR OUR
MASTER? HE'S BEEN
TAKEN ILL AND...

I WANT A QUIET
ROOM WHERE I
CAN REST
AND THINK.

IT'S A TRAP
JUDAS — IT MUST
BE A TRAP!



CONTINUED